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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6X

'The Mark of the Rani'

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" 'The Mark of the Rani' EPISODE ONE SERIAL 6X

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
PERI
MASTER
RANI
LORD RAVENSWORTH
JACK WARD
TIM BASS
DRAYMAN
GUARD
GREEN
RUDGE
YOUNG WOMAN
OLDER WOMAN
LUKE

NON-SPEAKING:

VILLAGERS
MINERS
AGGRESSORS
GUARDS
DOG
HORSE
RANI'S ASSISTANTS
STREET VENDOR

* * * * *

SETS:

Tardis Console Room
Bath-House Composite: Chamber
 Lab.
 Hall
Pit Office
Disused Mine Working

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Ext. Pit: Slag Heap
 Perimeter Gate
 Office
 Shaft
 Overhead Track

"DOCTOR WHO" 'The Mark of the Rani' EPISODE ONE

TELECINE: (cont)

Ext. Village: Outskirts
 Street
 Tavern
 Bath-House

Ext. Redfern Vale: Field
 Lane
 Path
 Stile

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EPISODE ONE

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(A FOREHEAD PUCKERED
IN CONCENTRATION,
THE DOCTOR IS AT THE
CONSOLE MAKING
ADJUSTMENTS)

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) Must
get the co-ordinates spot on.

(PERI WALTZES IN
DRESSED IN EARLY
1800s COSTUME)

PERI: Hey, Doctor, this is great!

THE DOCTOR: The costume is too
large?

PERI: Large?

THE DOCTOR: Isn't that the accepted meaning of great? A synonym for large.

PERI: Spare me the lecture, please.

(PUTTING UP FRILLY
PARASOLE, SHE
PIROUETTES)

What d'you reckon? Okay for the official opening of Kew Gardens?

THE DOCTOR: (LOST IN THOUGHT)
Of course, great can also be used for high degree of magnitude. Someone elevated to power ...

(A TREMENDOUS JUDDER.

BOTH ARE THROWN OFF
BALANCE AS THE TARDIS
LURCHES)

TELECINE 1:

a) Ext. Pit. Overhead
Track. Day.

In swirling dust, a small avalanche of coal is tipped from a truck on an overhead track.

Simultaneously a bell clangorously peals, signalling the end of a shift.

Flexing shoulders hunched by fatigue, the begrimed MINER manning the tipping operation, descends and heads for the pit gate.

Patrolling the perimeter fence is a GUARD with a dog on a leash.

b) Ext. Village. Adj.
Tavern. Day.

Several blackened-faced MINERS reach the tavern.

One of them, TIM BASS, looks back.

TIM BASS: (CALLING) Coming in, Jack?

JACK WARD slouches past.

WARD: Nay, lad. Don't think I've strength to lift a Toby.

WARD and two others,
EDWIN GREEN and SAM
RUDGE, continue up
the hill towards the
bath-house.

c) Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

Beneath a board reading
'BATH-HOUSE', waits an
OLD CRONE.

Her shawl cowl her head
so that her gnarled
features cannot be seen.

When the THREE MINERS
frudge into view, she
scurries into the house
before them.

2. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(TAKING UP STATION AT
THE DOOR TO THE
BATH CHAMBER, THE OLD
CRONE ACCEPTS COINS
IN EXCHANGE FOR TOWELS)

OLD CRONE: Tha's wise ones. First
here. When water's hot and clean.

WARD: Nay, not wise, Granma.
Just fair wore out.

3. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(FORMERLY TWO ROOMS
THE WINDOWS OF WHICH
HAVE BEEN BOARDED
OVER, THE SPARSE
MAKESHIFT CHAMBER'S
ONLY FURNITURE CONSISTS
OF FOUR WATER-FILLED
HIP BATHS.

THE MINERS HANG THEIR
JACKETS ON PEGS.

WARD TOSSES HIS
NECKERCHIEF AND
MISSES)

WARD: Oh, stay there! (HE GROANS)
I've hardly energy to wash.

(EDWIN GREEN RECOVERS
THE NECKERCHIEF AND
HANGS IT UP.

WARD MUSTERS A RUEFUL
SMILE OF THANKS.

UNNOTICED BY THEM, A
SMALL PIPE IS
INFILTRATING A JET
OF CRIMSON STEAM INTO
THE ALREADY STEAM
LADEN CHAMBER.

AS IT ENVELOPES THEM,
THEY SLUMP TO THE
FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.

CAMERA CENTRES ON WHAT
IS APPARENTLY A SOLID
WALL. A CRACK APPEARS,
SLOWLY THE WALL SLIDES
APART.

WAITING TO ENTER,
ARE TWO MUSCULAR
HUMANS WHOSE HEADS
ARE ENCASED IN
TRANSPARENT GLOBES
WITH NOZZLED FILTERS)

4. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE TARDIS IS
ON AN EVEN KEEL.

PERI AND THE DOCTOR
ARE STUDYING THE
CONSOLE)

PERI: (ANXIOUSLY) Well?

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) I've never
felt better.

PERI: Wisecracks like that tell
me one thing.

THE DOCTOR: What?

(HE IS ABSORBED IN
THE CONTROLS AND
IS PATIENTLY FOBBING
HER OFF)

PERI: You haven't a clue what's
going on.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I know what's going
on. We're being manoeuvred off course.

PERI: Manoeuvred off course! You
mean it isn't the Tardis malfunctioning
again?

THE DOCTOR: Malfunctioning?
(SAVOURS THE WORD) Malfunctioning
(SHOUTS) Malfunctioning! After all
the work I've done on it!

PERI: I only asked a simple question.

THE DOCTOR: So you did. But it was the wrong question. You know how sensitive I am about the Tardis.

PERI: So tell me what's going on.

(THE DOCTOR PEERS
AT THE PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: The date co-ordinates are still constant. It's just the location that's being changed.

PERI: Being changed! Who by?

THE DOCTOR: Whom ... To use your vernacular, I haven't a clue.

(ANGRILY HE JABS AT
THE CONTROLS)

PERI: Can't you override?

THE DOCTOR: Try not to be so obtuse! What d'you imagine I'm attempting to do?

THE DOCTOR: No. It's time distortion. (SUDDEN THOUGHT)
As though there was another time machine nearby.

PERI: A Time Lord?

- 1/10 -

THE DOCTOR: Or a Dalek. Certainly
an alien force of some sort.

PERI: On Earth?

(THE DOCTOR NODS)

I don't believe it. Not again.
You would think they could find
another planet to invade.

- 10 -

5. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE MUSCULAR HUMANS
COME FROM BEYOND THE
DIVIDED WALL CARRYING
THE UNCONSCIOUS JACK
WARD.

CAMERA CLOSES ON WARD.
JUST BELOW THE HAIRLINE
ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS
NECK THERE IS A SIZEABLE,
ROUND, RED MARK)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Slag Heap. Day.

The Tardis materialises
at the foot of a slag
heap.

THE DOCTOR then PERI
exit.

She eyes the bleak
landscape with
displeasure.

PERI: Some substitute for Kew
Gardens!

THE DOCTOR: Try looking on the
bright side. After all, isn't
coal fossilized plant life?

THE DOCTOR is holding
a tracking device.

PERI: What've you got there?

THE DOCTOR: Tracking device.
Registers time distortion.
Hoist up your skirts, Peri,
we're off!

6. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL IS CLOSED.

BOISTEROUS, HYPERACTIVE,
THE THREE MINERS, BATHED
AND DRESSED, ARE FLICKING
EACH OTHER WITH TOWELS.

GREEN, TAKING EXCEPTION
TO A VICIOUS SWIPE, SPARS
UP TO RUDGE.

THE CHALLENGE IS
ACCEPTED, BUT THE
HORSEPLAY RAPIDLY
DEGENERATES INTO A
SERIOUS FIGHT.

FINGERING THE RED MARK
ON HIS NECK, WARD LEAVES.

ABANDONING THE FIGHT,
THE OTHERS FOLLOW.

EACH HAS A SIMILAR RED
MARK AND EACH HAS THE
TENDANCY TO RUB IT AS
THOUGH IT WERE AN
IRRITANT.

(Note: Miners bearing
the red mark will be
referred to as AGGRESSORS.))

TELECINE 3:

a) Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

An ELDERLY STREET VENDOR
with only one leg and
supported by a crutch,
is selling muffins to a
WOMAN CUSTOMER as the
AGGRESSORS surge from
the bath-house.

Deliberately, they
jostle the WOMAN,
kick away the VENDOR's
crutch and up-end the
tray.

Using the spilled
muffins as footballs,
they hustle on.

b) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Field. Day.

PERI and THE DOCTOR
keep to the border
path.

In mid-field is a
scarecrow decked out
in old workman's
clothes.

THE DOCTOR has the
tracer at arm's
length.

PERI is more interested
in the hedgerow flowers.

PERI: Most of these hedgerows
won't exist soon. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR, preoccupied,
does not answer.

PERI: (cont) In the twentieth
century, I mean. They're being
chopped down to improve farming
efficiency.

He is increasingly
uneasy, but PERI
is unaware of this.

PERI: My generation's already
worried about the affect on wild
life. Some species of butterflies
are almost extinct. Birds too.

THE DOCTOR: Talking of birds -
have you noticed anything strange?

PERI: Strange?

She looks around.

PERI'S P.O.V. -
there is an eerie
stillness about
the field.

THE DOCTOR: No birdsong ... And
no birds ...

PERI: (INDICATING) Could be the
scarecrow.

THE DOCTOR: They're not usually
this effective.

PERI: Well, if the place gives
you the creeps, let's get out of
it!

PERI makes for the gate.

THE DOCTOR, still vaguely ill at ease, tags along.

From mid-field, just behind the scarecrow, we see them go through the gate.

Slowly the inclined head of the scarecrow lifts.

c) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

At a steady trot, a horse-drawn dray, loaded with a crate, rounds a bend in the narrow lane.

Coming from the opposite direction is JACK WARD.

DRAYMAN: Finished for't day, Jack?

No reply.

The other AGGRESSORS join him.

Three abreast, they block the lane.

DRAYMAN: Come on, lads. Out of road. Got to deliver this lot to pit.

No movement.

Puzzled, nervous the DRAYMAN cracks his whip.

The gesture is received with unflinching contempt.

WARD catches hold of
the snapping thong and
yanks the DRAYMAN from
the wagon.

But the target for their
hostility is the crate.

With unbridled fury, they
haul the crate from the
wagon and commence to
smash it and the machinery
inside.

Recovering, the stunned
DRAYMAN, wielding a
length of packing case,
thwacks JACK WARD,
knocking him into the
ditch.

This is his only victory -
A clout sends him reeling.

d) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Path. Day.

The hubbub of splintering
timber and the terrified
neighing of a horse, takes
THE DOCTOR's attention
from the tracer.

Perplexed, he and PERI
approach a stile giving
access to the lane.

e) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

Vandalism completed the
TWO AGGRESSORS decamp.

Forsaking the recumbent
JACK WARD, they run
towards the stile.

f) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Stile. Day.

Fractionally before THE DOCTOR and PERI get to the stile, the TWO AGGRESSORS, pelting each other with packing straw, go by.

g) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

Coming from the stile, it is the horse to which THE DOCTOR hurries, soothing and calming the disturbed animal.

A HAND groping above the debris attracts PERI.

PERI: Doctor!

She runs to assist the DRAYMAN.

PERI: Here, let me help.

The DRAYMAN tries to rise, but sags to his knees.

PERI: Why did they attack you?

THE DOCTOR: They didn't.

Examining the
DRAYMAN'S HEAD.

THE DOCTOR: They attacked the machinery.

DRAYMAN: That's right, Miss. They was after smashing up machinery.

PERI: I'm lost. Why would anyone want to smash machinery?

DRAYMAN: They're scared it'll rob them of their jobs.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe.

PERI: You suspect another motive?

THE DOCTOR: (AMBIGUOUSLY) Let's say I'm keeping an open mind.
(TO DRAYMAN) Try standing.

A groan from the ditch.

THE DOCTOR goes to JACK WARD.

DRAYMAN: Odd that. Leaving him behind. They're usually such mates.

h) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Stile. Day.

From the P.O.V. of an unseen observer, we see THE DOCTOR attending to WARD.

A branch partly obscures the view.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND lowers it.

i) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

THE DOCTOR: (DISCOVERING RED MARK) Unusual sort of mark. Any idea how it got there -

Belligerently, WARD
shoves THE DOCTOR
aside.

PERI: Hey!

THE DOCTOR: Steady now. Only
trying to help.

Flourishing a piece
of timber, WARD
backs away.

DRAYMAN: What's got into you,
Jack? (TO DOCTOR) Can't fathom
it. Never seen him like this
afore.

Having gained several
yards, WARD turns
and hares off.

PERI: So much for playing the
Good Samaritan!

j) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Adj. Stile. Day.

Faculties not completely
unscrambled, WARD pauses,
sees the scarecrow on the
other side of the stile
(the unseen observer).

Heaving the piece of
timber at him, he races
on along the lane.

(Note: Although WARD
will have seen the
features of the
scarecrow, the viewer
will not.).

k) Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

The DRAYMAN picks up a
scrap of broken machinery.

PERI: I guess this lot's had
it!

DRAYMAN: Mister Stephenson's
not going to be well pleased.

THE DOCTOR: Stephenson?

DRAYMAN: Waiting for them parts,
he is.

THE DOCTOR: George Stephenson?

DRAYMAN: Aye, sir. Dost know
him?

THE DOCTOR: Know of him. (TO
PERI) How d'you like to meet a
genius?

PERI: I thought I already had!

THE DOCTOR: No, Peri. I've
never changed the course of
history. Indeed, I'm forbidden
so to do. But George Stephenson
will.

PERI: (SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Could
that be what all this is about?

THE DOCTOR: An astute observation,
Peri. (URGENTLY TO DRAYMAN) Can
you give us a lift?

DRAYMAN: Certainly, sir.

They clamber aboard
the dray.

1)' Ext. Redfern Vale.
Adj. Stile. Day.

As the clop of the horse's
hoofs begin, the SCARECROW
climbs the stile.

TELECINE 4:

a) Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

A BOY, booting a muffin along the road, is beckoned impatiently by the OLD CRONE as she comes into the street.

OLD CRONE: Here. Run to tavern.
Tell men who want bath to come right now.

Grabbing the proffered coin, the BOY skips off.

OLD CRONE: (CALLING) Warn them
us won't be keeping water hot
much longer!

The dray, with THE DOCTOR and PERI abroad, rumbles by.

The tracer quivers and begins broadcasting weird bleeps, startling everyone, including the OLD CRONE.

PERI: (EXASPERATED) Doctor!

She watches as THE DOCTOR frantically attempts to subdue his errant invention and the DRAYMAN to subdue his horse.

7. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(ALL IS IN READINESS
FOR THE NEXT
CUSTOMERS.

ADJUSTING HER SHAWL,
THE OLD CRONE EXITS)

DRAYMAN: Whoa, Daisy! Whoa!

Calm restored, THE DOCTOR glances round selfconsciously - the OLD CRONE quickly averts her head.

PERI: Was that significant?
Or just a hiccup?

THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. We did hit a nasty bump just there.

They continue.

The OLD CRONE gazes after them.

b) Ext. Village. Adj. Tavern. Day.

THREE MINERS, accompanied by the BOY, are leaving the tavern.

One of them, TIM BASS, gives the approaching DRAYMAN a tired but friendly nod as he passes.

THE DOCTOR: (SHARPLY) Why are you stopping here?

DRAYMAN: I still feel a bit shook up. I need a Toby afore I tell them at pit about attack.

THE DOCTOR: (DISEMBARKING)
Where will I find George Stephenson?

DRAYMAN: (POINTING AHEAD) In
pit. 'Appen thou put in word
for me. They'll be none too
pleased 'bout machinery.

THE DOCTOR: (HURRYING AWAY) Yes.
yes.

The DRAYMAN assists
PERI down.

DRAYMAN: In't mighty hurry, in't
he. Miss? Dost mean summat's
wrong?

PERI: (SERIOUSLY) It does, I'm
afraid. (MOVING OFF) But don't
ask me what.

c) Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

The OLD CRONE collects
coins from the THREE
MINERS.

BASS: We're not t'last, Granma.
T'others be along when't emptied
Tobys.

Ushering them inside,
she contemplates the
direction the dray took,
then, thoughtfully,
peers in the opposite
direction before going
inside.

As the door closes,
PAN to alleyway.
Scarecrow's discarded
hat is tossed into
SHOT.

He then removes wisps
of straw from his
sleeves as the SCARECROW
moves into the street.
... and for the first time
we see the FEATURES of the
MASTER ...

8. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE OLD CRONE
RAMS HOME THE
BOLT ON THE STREET
DOOR)

TELECINE 5:

a) Ext. Village. Street.
Adj. Bath-house. Day.

A sardonic smile plays
upon the MASTER'S lips
as he hears the thrust
of the bolt.

MASTER: Primitive. An insult. But
first things first ...

Heading in the direction
THE DOCTOR took and
smiles.

MASTER: I've a death to arrange ...

b) Ext. Pit. Gate and
Perimeter Fence. Day.

Fangs bared, snarling,
a dog, straining on
its leash, warns of
The Doctor's and Peri's
approach.

With an armed GUARD,
it secures the gate.

PERI: What've they got in there?
Coal or diamonds?

Strategically
positioned, more armed
GUARDS create the
impression of a
besieged fortress.

- 1/29 -

THE DOCTOR: Machinery. More specifically George Stephenson. And he's -

PERI: I know. One of the architects of the Industrial Revolution.

THE DOCTOR: And I didn't exaggerate. Without his genius, your precious twentieth century would be a much sorrier place. (EYEING THE DOG) We've got to get in there.

PERI: Easier said ...! That dog doesn't look as though it's been fed today!

With absolute confidence, THE DOCTOR tries to brazen his way past the GUARD.

GUARD: Oy! Where dost thing tha's going?

He lengthens the leash.

The dog leaps ferociously, jaws snapping.

THE DOCTOR: To see George Stephenson. Can you tell me where he'll be?

GUARD: No-one gets in here without a pass.

THE DOCTOR: My dear man, a pass - I am a VIP!

- 29 -

GUARD: If tha be here for
t'meeting, tha'd have special pass.

THE DOCTOR: Meeting?

PERI: We've been travelling.
The pass obviously never reached
us.

The GUARD still regards
them suspiciously.

GUARD: Then tha's name will be
on't list.

Before he can consult
the clip-board he is
holding, THE DOCTOR
confiscates it.

THE DOCTOR: Here, let me see that.

The dog growls
menacingly.

PERI flinches.

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) Kindly
control that animal! (READING)
James Watt, Thomas Telford,
Michael Faraday Humphrey Davy -
Good heavens, Peri! D'you
recognise them?

PERI: I'm not totally ignorant.
What's the noun for a collection
of geniuses? A bevy?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. But
I do know the men who will be
at this meeting transformed
history.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Some fifty metres from the pit, the MASTER pauses as he witnesses the padlocking of the gate.

Angrily changing tack, he seeks an alternative way in.

GUARD: That's as maybe.
(RECLAIMING BOARD) Is the name
on't list?

THE DOCTOR: An oversight.

GUARD: Oh, aye? A genius too
art tha?

THE DOCTOR: Indeed I am. I'm
also an inventor. Look!

He waggles the tracer
under the GUARD'S NOSE.

Again the dog growls.

PERI: (ANXIOUSLY TAKING OVER)
I must apologise. (A WINNING
SMILE) The Doctor's a little
eccentric.

GUARD: Doctor, is he? I could
maybe ask in't office.

PERI: Would you? How kind.

GUARD: (CALLING) Harry!

A GUARD comes from
a shed.

GUARD: The gate!

He tosses the keys.

GUARD: Best lock it. (TO PERI)
This way, Miss.

THE DOCTOR: (FOLLOWING)
Eccentric? Me? Preposterous!

9. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(THE GUARD ESCORTS
PERI AND THE DOCTOR
INTO THE UNOCCUPIED
OFFICE)

GUARD: If tha'll sit thee down,
I'll see if I can find Mister
Stephenson.

THE DOCTOR: I'll come with you -

GUARD: Nay! Tha'll bide here!
(TO DOG) Stay!

(HE EXITS.

THE DOG REMAINS
NEAR THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: (ADVANCING ON DOG)
Good dog ... Good Fido ...

PERI: What're you up to?

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO SIDLE
PAST) Good boy, then. Let the
nice Doctor through -

(THE DOG GROWLS)

PERI: I guess he's not
susceptible to your irresistible
charm!

THE DOCTOR: (TURNING ON HER)
Occasionally - just occasionally
- your smugness infuriates me!

(ANOTHER GROWL)

PERI: Keep your voice down!
Time Lords may not get rabies
but humans do! And that dog
looks more than ready to bite.

THE DOCTOR: Will you stop
prattling about the dog!

(HE CROSSES TO THE
WINDOW)

Something's going on here.

(HE TUGS THE
WINDOW)

I don't fully understand what.

(ANOTHER IMPATIENT
TUG)

But I'm increasingly convinced
it's got to be stopped!

PERI: Could be you're jumping
the gun.

THE DOCTOR: Really? That's
your assessment?

(HE ABANDONS THE
WINDOW WHICH HAS
REMAINED OBSTINATELY
SHUT)

Did you see the date at the top
of that list? (cont ...)

(HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR
ANOTHER MEANS OF
ESCAPE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) In less than two days, a meeting will take place -here - of many of the greatest practical talents the human race has produced. A coincidence?

PERI: Unlikely, I agree.

THE DOCTOR: Well, waiting around in an office isn't going to provide the answer.

(THE DOG, SNARLING,
RISES)

PERI: I warned you to cool it.

(THE DOG PADS NEARER
THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: It's not me ...

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Pit. Gate and
Perimeter Fence. Day.

Frustrated by the
patrolling armed GUARDS,
the MASTER returns to
the gate area.

Needing a distraction
to lure the GUARD from
his post, the MASTER,
using the tce, shrinks
the supporting leg of
a loading platform,
causing it to collapse.

The ruse succeeds.
The GUARD hurries to
investigate.

The MASTER moves
towards the gate.

10. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(BRISTLING, SNARLING,
THE DOG IS POISED
IN THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: You can't blame me for
this.

(JUST A TREMULOUS
GULP FROM PERI.
SHE SHARES HIS
FEAR OF THE AROUSED
ANIMAL.

BOTH START NERVOUSLY
AS, WITH A SHRILL
YELP, IT BOUNDS
FROM THE OFFICE)

PERI: He's really spooked. I
wonder why? Doctor - ?

(TRACER ALOFT, THE
DOCTOR MAKES A
LIGHTNING EXIT)

TELECINE 7:

a) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

Maintaining an assumed casualness, the MASTER strolls to the gate and is fingering the padlock ... the dog comes hurtling between the sheds.

Barking ferociously, it leaps at the gate.

Recoiling, enraged, the MASTER draws the tce ... and eliminates the (OFF CAMERA) dog. It's death howl is short but terrible.

The action has been seen by HARRY the GUARD. Attracted by the commotion, he has backtracked.

He is unshouldering his gun, when he, too, is killed.

Showing no remorse, the MASTER looks about, confirming the slaughter has gone unnoticed.

b) Ext. Pit. Adj. Office. Day.

Intent, PERI listens.

PERI: It's stopped.

THE DOCTOR, who is peering into a shed, raps the tracer.

THE DOCTOR: No, it's still functioning.

PERI: The dog! It's not barking.

He pauses, listening.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) 'There was silence deep as death'.

PERI: That's morbid.

THE DOCTOR: Possibly.

He moves on.

c) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

WARD and TWO OTHER AGGRESSORS, RUDGE and GREEN, come into view.

Instead of retreating, the MASTER opts for confrontation.

MASTER: (TO WARD) You there! You were in the lane. Smashing machinery.

WARD: Never mind machinery. What's tha doing here?

RUDGE: That's easy. He's one of brainy ones. Arrived early for this meeting!

Belligerently, they close in.

WARD: Aye, come to rob us of us jobs!

MASTER: (IMPERIOUSLY) Hold hard!
I intend you no harm.

GREEN: Talks funny, don't he?
(MIMICKING) 'Hold hard'!

He scoops up a stone,
clenches it in his
fist.

GREEN: This hard enough?

MASTER: Imbeciles! Are you
incapable of using your brains!
What advantage will that bring
you? (TO WARD) You let the man
you should have destroyed go
free!

His verbal onslaught
confuses them.

WARD: I did? What's tha on
about?

MASTER: In the lane. He
pretended to help you. Help!
He's a friend of Stephenson's
An inventor. Here to mechanise
the mine.

RUDDGE: Dost know what he's
getting at, Jack?

WARD: Doing nowt but trying to
save his skin!

MASTER: Ask him. Ask him why
he's trying to take the bread
out of your mouths.

GREEN: Us'll do more than ask!
Where is he? Dost know?

MASTER: He's just gone into the pit.

GREEN kicks savagely at the padlock. To no avail.

MASTER: Let me.

Shielding the lock from the AGGRESSORS, he takes out a pencil-thin laser.

MASTER: You can't mistake him. Mean looking.

The laser burns through the padlock.

MASTER: Wearing yellow trousers and a coloured coat.

The MASTER swings the gate wide.

MASTER: A word of warning. Go carefully. He's treacherous ...

d) Ext. Pit. Adj. Shaft.
Day.

Trying to stay with the impatient DOCTOR, PERI stumbles, and, in steadying herself, knocks over a safety lamp.

THE DOCTOR: Careful, careful.

PERI: What are we doing here?

THE DOCTOR: I must find
Stephenson.

PERI: He could be underground.
Anywhere.

She peers over the
rim of the shaft, gulps,
sways, vertigo.

INSERT SHOT of SHAFT
emphasising the
seemingly bottomless,
inky depth.

A HAND clasps PERI'S
SHOULDER.

THE DOCTOR: Peri, you have an
extraordinary capacity for
seeking out danger.

PERI: Doctor! (LOOKING BEYOND
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: You must learn to
avoid getting into situations -

PERI: Doctor!

A chunk of coal comes
hurling at him!

He ducks. Dodges
behind a truck on the
turntable fronting
the shaft.

The THREE AGGRESSORS
close.

He swivels the truck,
keeping it between
himself and them.

With arrogant ease,
the brawny WARD grabs
the truck and shunts
it trundling along the
track.

THE DOCTOR: Peri! Get away from
here!

PERI: But -

THE DOCTOR: Don't argue! Go!

His foot catches in
the rail ... he staggers.

A smart kick from
GREEN knocks the
tracer from his grip,
sending it over the
edge of the shaft.

After what appears an
eternity to THE DOCTOR,
there is a faint thud.

THE DOCTOR: Now you've really
gone too far! After all the
effort that went into constructing -

RUDGE lunges into him.

They topple into the
crash barrier.

Their joint weight
causes it to snap -

For a brief moment
they totter on the
brink, before going over.

THE DOCTOR grabs for
the lift ropes, but
RUDGE misses and falls.

Rudge's long, diminishing scream underscores the sickening drop to the bottom.

Helplessly, THE DOCTOR dangles in mid-air.

e) Ext. Pit. Adj.
Gate and Perimeter
Fence. Day.

From a covert vantage point, the MASTER spectates with malicious glee.

f) Ext. Pit. Adj. Shaft.
Day.

Suspended over the terrifying blackness, THE DOCTOR clings onto the ropes for dear life.

Incensed by the fate of Rudge, the AGGRESSORS have armed themselves with a pit prop. With vicious jabs, they poke at THE DOCTOR.

PERI: Leave him alone! Stop!

Arms flailing, she attacks WARD. Almost indifferently he brushes her aside.

PERI: Help! Someone help! (cont ...)

The prodding has forced THE DOCTOR to lose the grip of one hand.

Hysterically, PERI pelts lumps of coal at the ASSAILANTS, some of which miss and spray THE DOCTOR.

PERI: (cont) Are you crazy!
You'll kill him!

Ignoring her, spurred
on by their success
as THE DOCTOR's hold
weakens, they thrust
at his dangling body
with increasing
ferocity.

A shot blasts out.

The portly, well-dressed,
LORD RAVENSWORTH storms
onto the scene accompanied
by the GUARD.

RAVENSWORTH: Stop that or I'll
blast you to kingdom come!

He levels the
blunderbuss, takes
aim.

The AGGRESSORS scarper.
The GUARD goes to give
chase.

RAVENSWORTH: Forget them!
Quickly, haul that man to
safety!

Using the abandoned
pit prop, PERI and
the GUARD assist THE
DOCTOR onto terra firma.

THE DOCTOR: Almost at the end
of my tether, eh?

PERI: It's no joke!

THE DOCTOR: (TO RAVENSWORTH) I
can't thank you enough. But
for your very opportune arrival,
I - (HE SHRUGS)

RAVENSWORTH: Thank their stupidity. (INDICATING GUN) I'd used up the shot. Would've taken at least two minutes to reload. They had plenty of time to finish your friend off.

The doctor swallows hard.

RAVENSWORTH: Now perhaps you'll tell me who you are. And I don't want any flummery about VIPs. I'm Lord Ravensworth. The owner. I issued - personally - the invitations to the meeting. And your face is not one I recall! (AN ORDER) My office! (LEADING THE WAY) V.I.P.s indeed ...!

g) Ext. Pit. Adj. Gate.
and Perimeter Fence. Day.

With bad tempered grace,
the MASTER departs.

11. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: He's quite right, of course.

(ACKNOWLEDGING
GUARD)

We shouldn't have deceived him.
But how else could we have got in.

RAVENSWORTH: Spare me the dubious
pragmatism! Came to see George
Stephenson, you say?

THE DOCTOR: I'm a great admirer.

RAVENSWORTH: (SCEPTICALLY) Must be
if you're prepared to resort to
trickery! How do I know you're not
in league with these machinery
wreckers? These wretched
Luddites!

THE DOCTOR: Really! Do I look like
a man who would wreck machines.

(PERI CLOSSES HER
EYES IN SILENT PRAYER
AS RAVENSWORTH SOURLY
APPRAISES THE DOCTOR.

ABRUPTLY HE TAKES
THE DOCTOR'S HANDS
AND TURNS THEM PALMS
UP)

RAVENSWORTH: Certainly you've never
done a day's labour in your life.
(cont ...)

(HE IGNORES THE
DOCTOR'S AFFRONTED
LOOK)

RAVENSWORTH: (cont) (DOUBTFULLY) It's possible you may even be a gentleman.

GUARD: Shall us get up a search for them two who attacked this - er - gentleman, m'lord?

RAVENSWORTH: Leave them. They'll've gone to ground.

PERI: Leave them! They wanted to kill The Doctor!

RAVENSWORTH: I'm not disputing that, young woman. A brutal attack. On a complete stranger.

(SUSPICIOUSLY TO
DOCTOR)

I take it you were not acquainted.

THE DOCTOR: I'd met the big fellow briefly when I tried to help him.

RAVENSWORTH: That'll be Jack Ward. Over thirty years he's worked for me. In all that while I've never seen him raise his fists to another man.

PERI: Well he's undergone a change now!

THE DOCTOR: (AMBIGUOUSLY) Yes ... he has, hasn't he ...

TELECINE 8:

Ext.¹ Village. Street.
Day.

In their haste to escape
WARD and GREEN collide
with TWO WOMEN walking
towards the pit.

Shoving the WOMEN aside,
they run on.

12. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: The disruptions only started recently?

RAVENSWORTH: Disruption is a tardy description! There've been Luddite attacks on machinery all over the country. But here -

(HE SHAKES
HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: It's been more extreme?

RAVENSWORTH: The violence has been horrendous.

PERI: Murderous would be more apt.

THE DOCTOR: (REPROVINGLY) Peri ...

RAVENSWORTH: No, the young lady's right. I don't understand what's going on. I've always had an excellent relationship with the men. Flattered myself I enjoyed their trust and respect. Now this night-mare ...

(HE GOES TO
THE WINDOW)

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Pit. Shaft.
Day.

The attempt to raise
the body has commenced.

Suddenly the sounds of
heightened women's
voices can be heard
coming from the direction
of the gate OS.

13. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

RAVENSWORTH: (RESIGNEDLY) They've obviously heard about the accident.

PERI: Accident!

RAVENSWORTH: (TO GUARD) Bring the women here.

(THE GUARD GOES)

THE DOCTOR: Is it just the men who are affected?

RAVENSWORTH: Yes. They become savage. Go beserk. Seem to suffer a complete change of personality ...

14. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(TWO MINERS LIE,
COMATOSE ON TROLLEYS.

THE MUSCULAR HUMANS
(ASSISTANTS) STAND
PASSIVELY IN A CORNER.

ONE MINER ALREADY HAS
A TUBE CLAMPED TO
THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS
NECK (WHERE THE RED
MARK IS ALWAYS TO BE
FOUND).

THIS IS CONNECTED TO
A COMPACT COMPUTER.

A MONITOR SCREEN
DISPLAYS A MULTICOLOURED
SKULL. ANOTHER TUBE
LEADS FROM THE
COMPUTER TO A CRYSTAL FLAGON.
MINUSCULE GLOBULES OF
FLUID DRIP INTO THE
FLAGON.

THE OLD CRONE STUDIES
THE MONITOR SCREEN, THEN
TURNS TO CONNECT THE
OTHER MINER)

15. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(UNAIDED, THE
BOLT GLIDES BACK.

PUTTING AN ELECTRONIC
MAGNET INTO HIS
POCKET, THE MASTER
STEPS IN)

16. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL PARTS AND
THE ASSISTANTS COME
THROUGH CARRYING THE
FIRST MINER.)

AFTER LOWERING HIM
TO THE FLOOR, THEY PICK
UP THE REMAINING MINER
AND RETURN BEYOND
THE WALL.

THE MASTER EASES THE
HALL DOOR WIDER)

17. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE OLD CRONE IS
SEALING A TINY
PHIAL OF BRAIN FLUID,
AN ABRUPT PAUSE
REFLECTED IN THE
CRYSTAL FLAGON IS
THE MOCKING IMAGE OF
THE MASTER)

MASTER: No welcome?

RANI: You're not!

(THE SHAWL SLIPS
AS HER HUNCHED SHOULDERS
AND SPINE STRAIGHTEN
TO REVEAL SHE IS
ONLY IN HER THIRTIES.

FROM NOW ON, THE
RANI ONLY ADOPTS THE
"OLD CRONE" IMAGE
WHEN IN CONTACT WITH..
THE LOCAL VILLAGERS, ALTHOUGH
SHE MAINTAINS HER "OLD
CRONE" MAKE-UP UNTIL
STATED IN EPISODE TWO)

MASTER: (LOOKING ABOUT)
Fascinating. But then anything
connected with you would undoubtedly
be fascinating, my dear Rani.

RANI: I thought that last mad scheme
of yours had finished you for good.

MASTER: You jest, of course, I am
indestructable! The whole universe
knows that.

RANI: Pity!

- 1/57 -

MASTER: Really, my dear Rani, you and I should be friends. I am one of your greatest admirers.

RANI: Don't bother with flattery. I know why you're here. I saw The Doctor.

MASTER: Then you know why I need your co-operation.

RANI: Co-operation! I want nothing to do with you.

MASTER: You may change your mind when you hear my proposition.

RANI: I'm not concerned with your pathetic vendetta. One way or the other. Now clear off and let me get on with my work.

MASTER: If only it were that simple.

(FINGERING THE
APPARATUS)

However, I'm afraid you have little choice.

(DELIBERATELY FLICKING
A PIECE OF TUBING,
CAUSING THE MONITOR
SCREEN TO REACT
ADVERSELY)

Either you collaborate - or I bring this little veture to an extremely untimely end ...

RANI: Josh! Tom! Kill! (cont ...)

- 57 -

(THE TWO ASSITANTS LURCH
FOR THE MASTER.

BUT HE IS TOO QUICK.

HE FIRES THE TCE, TOM
IS ELIMINAYED.

HE POINTS IT AT JOSH)

RANI: (cont) No, Josh! Stand still,
Josh!

(JOSH IMMEDIATELY
OBEYS)

18. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

YOUNG WOMAN: My Josh, your lordship.
Been missing for days.

(THE TWO WOMEN WHO
WERE BUSTLED BY THE
AGGRESSORS CONFRONT
RAVENSWORTH)

OLDER WOMAN: It's not just her Josh
that's missing. Our Tom's gone too.

THE DOCTOR: When?

(REALISING FROM
RAVENSWORTH'S FROWN
THAT HE IS INTRUDING)

Forgive me, Ravensworth. It is
important.

(TO WOMEN)

When did they go missing?

OLDER WOMAN: Nowt's been seen of
them since they come off shift
together.

PERI: Perhaps they've joined these
Luddites.

OLDER WOMAN: Join that mob of lunatics!
Smashing and rampaging day and
night frightening folks out of us beds.

YOUNG WOMAN: My Josh wouldn't join
them. he wouldn't hard, anyone ...

19. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(JOSH UNCEREMONIOUSLY
ROLLS AN UNCONSCIOUS MINER
ONTO HIS BACK, THEN
RETIRES TO A CORNER)

RANI: You and the Doctor are a well
matched pair of pests!

(SHE HAS BUSTLED IN,
THE MASTER AT HER HEELS)

You bring nothing but trouble. Now
I need a new assistant!

(SHE TAKES OUT A
PILL BOX, LIFTS THE
LID.

INSIDE, GLOWING
FLUORESCENTLY, ARE
TINY, SQUIRMING MAGGOTS.

INTRIDUGED, THE MASTER
WATCHES AS SHE TIPS
SOME INTO THE MOUTH OF
THE MINER)

MASTER: I wasn't wrong! I knew with
you as controller it wouldn't be
hypnotism. Not from a chemist of your
calibre. What are they? Parasites
you've specially impregnated.

RANI: (EXTENDING THE BOX) There's a
simple way to find out! Try some!

MASTER: Thank you, I won't. (GRABBING
BOX) But I can envisage an occasion
when they may serve an excellent
cause ...

(RANI ATTEMPTS
TO RECLAIM THE BOX)

RANI: I was offering you one, not
the lot!

MASTER: (ENGIMATICALLY) I can
assure you your generosity will not
be wasted ...

(THE MINER'S HEAD
IS SUFFUSED WITH A
BLUE GLOW.

WHEN IT ABATES, HIS
EYES BLINK INTO A
FIXED STARE)

RANI: (CURTLY) Take him through,
Josh.

MASTER: Brilliant! Quite brilliant!
When the Time Lords exiled you they
made a cardinal error.

RANI: Yes. They did. And they'll
learn to regret it. (EXITING)
So will anyone else who interferes!

20. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

PERI: (QUIETLY) Doctor, let's get out of here. Away from Killingworth.

(IN BACKGROUND RAVENSWORTH
IS ESCORTING THE
TWO WOMEN FROM THE
OFFICE)

THE DOCTOR: I can't do that.

PERI: But you're in danger! That attack wasn't random. Those louts tried to kill you!

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Why?. Aren't you interested in why they should make me a target?

PERI: Not in the least. I can't think of a better reason for abandoning this visit

THE DOCTOR: You're forgetting. We didn't just stumble into this place. We were hijacked.

PERI: I'm forgetting nothing. The Luddites are not our problem.

THE DOCTOR: I agree.

PERI: (ACCUSINGLY) You don't believe it is the Luddites.

THE DOCTOR: Do you? (NO RESPONSE)
Until I know what's going on, we stay!

21. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

MASTER: You should co-operate, you know.

(THE RANI IS
DISCONNECTING THE
TUBE FROM THE NECK
OF BASS)

The Doctor has had two run-ins with the results of your handiwork.

RANI: (TO ASSISTANTS) Take this one through.

(BOTH COMPLY)

MASTER: He won't tolerate someone deliberately playing havoc with his favourite planet.

RANI: Can't you get it into your warped skull that there's nothing deliberate about it. The aggression's an unfortunate side effect.

MASTER: Unfortunate? Fortuitous would be a more apposite epithet!

RANI: Put it how you like. I need the chemical.

(DISCONNECTING THE
CRYSTAL FLAGON)

The only source is the human brain. It can have no relevance to you or your machinations.

(RANI IS VERY
CAREFULLY TIPPING THE
BRAIN FLUID INTO THE
PHIAL)

MASTER: Ah, but then, as yet, you are
not appraised of my purpose in
being here.

RANI: To destroy the Doctor. You've
never had any other. It obsessed you
to the exclusion of all else.

MASTER: You underestimate me.
Certainly I want to destroy him.
to see him suffer! But that will be
an exquisite first step. I have a
greater concept. One that will
encompass the whole human race.

(AN ALL-EMBRACING
SWEEP OF HIS ARMS.

THE RANI STUDIES
HIM, LIKE A SPECIMEN
ON A SLIDE)

RANI: You're unbalanced.

(A COLD STATEMENT
OF FACT.

SHE SEALS THE
PHIAL)

No wonder the Doctor always outwits
you.

(ANGER REPLACES
EUPHORIA. HE SNATCHES
THE PHIAL)

RANI: Put that down!

(SAVOURING HER SUDDEN
FEAR, HE EXAMINES THE
PHIAL)

1/65 -

MASTER: Don't get much, do you?

RANI: There's only a minute amount in each brain.

MASTER: Why does extracting this make humans so aggressive?

(NO RESPONSE.

HE RAISES HIS
ARM, THREATENING TO
DROP THE PHIAL)

I'll not ask again.

RANI: Because without that chemical the brain cannot rest.

MASTER: Ah, now I understand. You need it for your aliens.

(A SHARP REACTION
OF SURPRISE FROM
THE RANI)

On Miasimia Goria.

(A SMILE AT HER
ANNOYANCE)

Oh, I dropped in on your domain before following you here. Chaos! Complete mayhem! What went wrong?

RANI: Wrong? Who said anything went wrong?

MASTER: You rule there. Absolutely. I assume one of your schemes didn't turn out quite as you expected.

RANI: A small matter. In the process of heightening the awareness of my aliens, I lowered their ability to sleep. They became -

MASTER: - difficult to control. On the other hand, with this (THE PHIAL) and those impregnated parasites, their talents are yours to command. Such power ... (POINTING) Is that a scanner?

RANI: Find out!

(THE MASTER REMOVES
THE CAP, TIPS THE
PHIAL, DELIBERATELY
ALLOWING ONE DROP OF
THE LIQUID TO DRIP)

Who d'you want?

MASTER: The Doctor.

RANI: Where did you see him last?

MASTER: At the pit.

(SHE SETS THE
CO-ORDINATES.

HER P.O.V. ON
SCREEN, WE SCAN THE
PIT, ZOOM IN ON
SHAFT AREA.

DRAPED IN A BLANKET.
RUDGE'S BODY IS
BEING LOWERED ONTO A
STRETCHER.

THE DOCTOR STRIDES
INTO VIEW)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Pit. Shaft.
Area. Day.

Flustered and outpaced,
RAVENSWORTH follows
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: (TO STRETCHER BEARERS)
Just a moment.

The BEARERS pause,
THE DOCTOR raises
the blanket, inspects
the neck of the
Aggressor (unseen)

Gently replacing the
blanket, he confounds
RAVENSWORTH by inspecting
the necks of the BEARERS.

RAVENSWORTH: What the blazes are you
doing, man!

THE DOCTOR: (TO BEARERS) Thank you..
Carry on.

RAVENSWORTH: Do you hear me? What
was that all about?

THE DOCTOR: Later. You said the son
of one my attackers worked here.

RAVENSWORTH: Luke Ward. George
Stephenson's assistant. Very capable
young man. Spotted him when he was
just a lad. My protege, as a matter
of fact -

THE DOCTOR: (ALREADY RETURNING TO OFFICE) Find him for me, there's a good chap.

RAVENSWORTH: The dratted man's a positive law unto himself!

22. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE PIT AND JTS
SAD CORTEGE ARE
STILL ON THE
SCANNER IN BACKGROUND)

MASTER: You see, we do have an
allied cause. Unless you eliminate the
Doctor, he'll bring this cosy
operation to an end.

RANI: Then let's get on with it!

MASTER: My way!

(HOLDING UP
THE PHIAL)

We do it my way! Any idea where
those morons you created might be?

(SHE JABS THE
CO-ORDINATES.

SEEN FROM THE
P.O.V. OF ONE
HER CONDITIONERS
AGGRESSORS IS AN OLD
DISUSED MINE WORKING.

SEVERAL AGGRESSORS
ARE THERE, INCLUDING
WARD AND GREEN.

THE MASTER TURNS
TO LEAVE)

RANI: Where are you going?

(IGNORING HER,
HE CONTINUES)

23. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE MASTER CROSSES
TO THE HALL)

RANI: The brain fluid!

MASTER: Perfectly safe.

(SLAPPING HIS
BREAST POCKET)

Next to my hearts. Both of them!

(HE EXITS)

RANI: (CALLING) Wait.

24. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(HURRYING, EXTRACTING
SOMETHING FROM HER
SKIRT POUCH, THE
RANI EXPECTS TO
SEE THE MASTER BY
THE STREET DOOR,
HE ISN'T.

INSTEAD HE HAS SIDE-
STEPPED INTO THE
PASSAGE, AND, BEFORE
SHE CAN LOCATE HIM, HE
CLAMPS HOLD OF HER
WRIST)

MASTER: You're being uncharacteristi-
cally supine.

RANI: Let me go!

MASTER: Not until you tell me what
this is.

(HE PRISES HER
FINGERS APART TO
REVEAL ANOTHER
PILL BOX)

RANI: Capsules for my lungs. The
earth's damp atmosphere affects
them.

(HE LIFTS THE
LID.

INSIDE ARE, INDEED
CAPSULES)

Do you trust anyone?

- 1/72 -

MASTER: Yes. Myself. Capsules
they may be ... but don't touch them
until that door closes between us!

(HE EXITS.

SHE GLARES AFTER
HIM, ANGRILY
SNAPS SHUT THE
PILL BOX LEAVING
THE CAPSULES
UNTOCHED)

- 72 -

25. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(LUKE WARD, IN HIS
TWENTIES, IS
WITH THE DOCTOR,
PERI AND RAVENSWORTH)

THE DOCTOR: And your father was
perfectly normal this morning?

RAVENSWORTH: The lad's told you he
was!

THE DOCTOR: I know. I know. Bear
with me. The answer's probably
staring me in the face and I just
can't see it.

PERI: When did you last talk to
him, Luke?

LUKE: When he came off shift. He
were on his way to bath-house.

THE DOCTOR: Bath-house?

LUKE: To get cleaned up.

PERI: Doctor, you recall when we
passed the bath-house -

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING HER OFF) Luke,
can you find me an old coat and cap?

LUKE: In't lobby, but ...

(DEFERRING TO
RAVENSWORTH)

RAVENSWORTH: Bring them.

(LUKE LEAVES)

PERI: When we passed the bath-house,
that instrument of yours -

THE DOCTOR: Reacted. Yes. Yes.
And the attackers. I said it had
been staring me in the face, didn't
I? It was! Literally!

PERI: I don't get you.

RAVENSWORTH: Glad it's not just me.

THE DOCTOR: (DISCARDING HIS COAT)
Those men didn't look as if they'd
come straight from the pit, did they?

(LUKE RETURNS)

They were clean!

(SNATCHING COAT
AND CAP. THE
DOCTOR QUILTS THE
OFFICE)

RAVENSWORTH: Is he often like this.

PERI: Too often! Excuse me.

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Pit. Adj.
Office. Day.

THE DOCTOR, his back
TO CAMERA, is rubbing
his face.

PERI joins him.

PERI: Now what's going on?

THE DOCTOR: I'm about to follow -
as you would term it - a hunch.

PERI: Must you? (NO RESPONSE)
Okay, where do I fit in?

THE DOCTOR: You stay here where
you'll be safe.

He pulls on the coat.

PERI: Safe! From the moment I
first stepped into the Tardis, I
haven't been safe!

THE DOCTOR: (TURNING) How do I
look?

His face is blacked
with coal dust.

PERI: Like a man who could do
with a bath.

Donning the cap
THE DOCTOR grins
and sets off.

PERI waits, then,
avoiding detection,
begins to tail him.

26. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(THE MASTER WALKS
INTO THE TENEBROUS
MINE WORKING.

ALERT LISTENING)

27. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: No! Wait ... let him
come further in.

27A. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(THE SCUFF OF A
FOOT ON RUBBLE FROM
DEEPER WITHIN,
CAUSE THE MASTER
TO HESITATE)

28. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: (ANGRILY) I told you to
wait, you cretins! Wait! The
man's armed!

- 1/81 -

29. INT. DUSUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(HAND PROTECTIVELY
SEEKING THE TCE,
THE MASTER PEERS
TOWARDS THE
ENTRANCE)

30. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: Now!

30A. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(IN SIMULTANEOUS
ACTION, WARD STEPS
OUT CUTTING OFF THE
REAR AND, FROM A
CAVITY IN THE
ROOF, GREEN DROPS
ON THE MASTER,
KNOCKING HIM TO
THE GROUND.

ROLLING, LOCKED
TOGETHER, GREEN
AND THE MASTER
WRESTLE)

31. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE STRUGGLE IN
THE MINE IS ON THE
SCANNER)

RANI: My phial! The fools'll
smash it!

(FROM A SKIRT POUCH
SHE TAKES A MINI
TRANSMITTER.

TAPS OUT A CODE.

GREEN CLUTCHES AT
HIS NECK, THE RED
MARK SPREADS ENCIRCLES
HIS THROAT.

CHOKING, TEARING
AT THE STAIN, HE
DIES)

32. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(AS THE MASTER
RISES, OTHER
AGGRESSORS EMERGE
FROM DEEPER
WITHIN THE MINE.

ALL ARE STUNNED)

MASTER: (TO HIMSELF) The Mark of
the Rani ...

(PRETENDING CONCERN,
HE BENDS OVER
GREEN'S BODY)

WARD: Is he dead?

(THE MASTER NODS)

I don't understand. How? What
happened?

MASTER: I warned you that inventor
was treacherous.

WARD: But he's not nowhere near.

MASTER: He doesn't have to be.
He's got a machine that does his
foul work for him.

WARD: A machine?

(THE MASTER PULLS OUT
PAPER AND PEN)

MASTER: I'll show you.

33. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(ON THE SCANNER,
THE MASTER IS
SEEN DRAWING A
SKETCH)

RANI: What's he up to now?

(A LOUD KNOCKING
INTERRUPTS)

It'll be something devious and
overcomplicated.

(SWITCHING OFF, SHE
GOES TOWARDS
THE CHAMBER)

He'd get dizzy if he tried to walk
a straight line!

34. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE INSISTENT
BANGING IS
REPEATED.

AS THE RANI CROSSES
THE ROOM, SHE PULLS
THE SHAWL OVER
HER HEAD)

35. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE RANI OPENS
THE STREET DOOR)

RANI: Get on in. Get on in.
Towels are t'already there.

(FOUR MINERS
TROOP IN)

36. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THREE MINERS AND
THE DISGUISED
DOCTOR DISCARD
THEIR JACKETS.

CRIMSON STEAM SEEPS
INTO THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE MINERS SINK
TO THE FLOOR. BUT
THE DOCTOR, ENFEEBLED,
TRIES TO RESIST.

WITHOUT AVAIL.
HE, TOO, SINKS
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)

37. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(A FINAL FLOURISH
TO THE SKETCH)

WARD: What's that? A coffin?

(HE COMMANDEERS
THE PAPER.

THE MASTER HAS
DRAWN THE TARDIS)

MASTER: A coffin? An appropriate
description! It's the machine that
murdered your friend.

WARD: That thing?

(A NOD FROM THE
MASTER)

MASTER: To be buried in the deepest
mine shaft.

WARD: Can't see no point in burying a
box. Better to bury him!

MASTER: Trust me. I give you my
word. Destroying that will divest
him of all his power.

WARD: Where is it? Dost know?

MASTER: The slag heap. Hurry.
Fetch it to the pit.

- 1/91 -

WARD: Fetch it? Nay, tha's coming with us!

MASTER: No. Not me. This is only the bait. I have to return to the village to set the trap ...

- 91 -

38. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(HAVING CONNECTED A
MINER TO THE
EXTRACTOR, THE
RANI MOVES TO
THE TROLLEY ON WHICH
THE DOCTOR IS
STRAPPED.

SHE BRUSHES THE
HAIR FROM BEHIND
HIS LEFT EAR.
STOPS. TOUCHES
HIS SKIN.

PLACES A THERMOMETER
ON HIS FOREHEAD.

BENDS TO LISTEN TO
HIS HEART, TO HIS
OTHER HEART!

BRUSQUELY SHE SWABS
THE COAL DUST FROM
HIS FACE!

THE COLD DOWSING
REVIVES THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: (GENUINELY SURPRISED)
Well, well, well. The Rani.

RANI: You were expecting to see
the Master?

THE DOCTOR: See? Not exactly. Not
unless he's grown a little larger
since I last saw him!

RANI: Your smugness is misplaced.
He's here. He's normal size. And he
wants you dead - curse the pair of you!

(RANI CHECKS THAT
THE TROLLEY STRAPS
ARE SECURE)

THE DOCTOR: As we're insulting each other: I can't say I approve of your taste in clothes or make-up. Doesn't do a thing for you.

RANI: Likewise, your regeneration's not too attractive either. But at least I can change my clothes and make-up. You're stuck with what you've got.

THE DOCTOR: My face is of little importance. Brain regeneration's what I need! I should have been able to pin this down to you. Personality changes. In all probability due to imbalance of body chemicals. Yes, you're the obvious culprit. Well, you had me fooled, if that's any consolation.

RANI: It isn't.

THE DOCTOR: Of course, you'd have been discovered eventually. Even without my intervention.

(SHE DISCONNECTS
THE MINER)

RANI: I never have.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, this isn't your first visit then?

RANI: I've been coming to this wretched planet for centuries.

THE DOCTOR: Without being caught? I'm impressed. You must be a brilliant tactician as well as a brilliant chemist.

RANI: It isn't difficult. These humans you so admire are a feckless lot. Always in disarray. The Trojan Wars. Julius Ceasar. The American War of Independence.

THE DOCTOR: And now the Luddite Riots.

RANI: Perfect cover.

THE DOCTOR: Cover, yes. For what?

(THE RANI PUNCHES
ON THE SCANNER,
DESERTED FIELD ON
THE OUTSKIRTS OF
THE VILLAGE.

SHE SHAKES HER
HEAD IMPATIENTLY)

I think I've got it. You're extracting a chemical from the brain. The result is the victims become aggressive. Violent. Can't rest - that's it. The chemical that promotes sleep!

RANI: I begin to understand why the Master finds you such a menace!

(RANI PUNCHES UP
A DESERTED APPROACH ROAD
TO THE VILLAGE)

(MUTTERS) Where is the idiot?

THE DOCTOR: I presume you're referring to the Master. (cont...)

(THE RANI PUNCHES ON
THE SCANNER ANOTHER
FIELD NEAR THE VILLAGE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Well, since I don't want to be a nuisance to you, why not release me?

RANI: So that you, too, can put a stop to my work?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly. Traditionally you've wished this planet no ill.

RANI: I don't know. It's simply they've got the sole source of supply -

THE DOCTOR: Source of supply! These are human beings, Rani. Living creatures who've done you no harm.

RANI: What harm have the animals in the fields done them? The rabbits they snare? Sheep they nourish to slaughter? They're carnivores. Do they worry about the lesser species when they sink their teeth into a lamb chop?

(ON THE SCANNER
WE SEE THE MASTER
HURRYING IN THE
DIRECTION OF
THE PIT.

QUICKLY THE RANI
PUTS ON HER SHAWL.

TO JOSH)

Josh, guard him!

THE DOCTOR: Josh?

RANI: (TO JOSH) If he moves, kill him.
(cont...)

(ABOUT TO LEAVE,
SECOND THOUGHTS)

- 1/96 -

RANI: (cont) No, don't kill him,
kill -

(INDICATING MINER)

- that one!

(TO DOCTOR)

Touché, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Don't hurry back.

- 96 -

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Village.

Adj. Bath-house. Day.

Disobediently watching
from cover, PERI sees
the OLD CRONE hastily
quitting the bath-house.

She crosses the street.

- 1/98 -

39. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(PERI ENTERS
DIFFIDENTLY)

PERI: Doctor?

- 98 -

40. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL IS OPEN
AND TWO MINERS LIE
ON THE FLOOR.
THERE IS NO TRACE
OF THE CRIMSON GAS)

PERI: (VOICE) I know you're here.
I'd've seen you leave -

(ENTERING - SHOCKED,
SHE HURRIEDLY INSPECTS
THE TWO MINERS.

THEN APPREHENSIVELY
VENTURES THROUGH
THE WALL)

Doctor?

41. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(PERI COMES IN)

PERI: Doctor!

(SHE RUSHES TOWARDS
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Stop!

PERI: What d'you mean 'stop'? I'm
going to free you -

THE DOCTOR: No! Don't come near me!

(HE LOOKS AT THE
TWO ASSISTANTS)

Touch me and their orders are to kill!

PERI: Well - I can't just - I must
do something!

THE DOCTOR: You can. Get that poor
fellow out of danger.

(INDICATING MINER
ON TROLLEY)

PERI: How?

THE DOCTOR: Use some of that famous
American initiative! Push him out-
side!

- 1/101 -

(PERI FROWNS AT
THE ASSISTANTS)

PERI: But won't they ...?

THE DOCTOR: Their orders relate only
to me. Now move, Peri!

(KEEPING A WARY EYE
ON THE ASSISTANTS,
PERI BEGINS WHEELING
THE TROLLEY OUT OF
THE LAB.

SHE HESITATES)

PERI: Orders? Whose orders?

THE DOCTOR: Just for once forget the
cross examination and go!

- 101 -

42. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(PERI IS MANOEUVRING
THE TROLLEY PAST
THE RECUMBENT
BODIES, WHEN THE
LATCH RATTLES.

SHE FREEZES.

THE DOOR OPENS,
AND IN COMES THE
OLD CRONE, FOLLOWED
BY THE MASTER)

RANI: Who's this brat?

(A BEAUTIFUL SMILE
BRIGHTENS HIS
FEATURES)

MASTER: My dear Rani, quite unwittingly you have made my triumph utterly complete. Allow me to introduce the Doctor's latest travelling companion ... Miss Peri Brown. Although her travelling days will soon be over ...

TELECINE 13:

Ext. Redfern Vale.
Lane. Day.

The AGGRESSORS march
jubilantly towards
the village, the Tardis
borne on the redressed
Drayman's wagon.

43. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(PRODDED BY THE
RANI, A CRESTFALLEN
PERI RETURNS)

PERI: I thought he was dead.

MASTER: (ENTERING) As you observe,
I am very much alive. Your erstwhile
mentor, on the other hand, is about
to - I believe the modern expression
is 'snuff the candle'!

THE DOCTOR: Snuff the candle! You've
always lacked style.

RANI: (CUTTING IN) Finish with the
babbling.

MASTER: I've a score to settle with
Miss Peri first.

(TO PERI)

When we last met, you could have saved
me -

(TAKING OUT TCE)

- and didn't.

RANI: No! Don't kill the girl!

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Rani. I'm glad you haven't quite sunk to the Master's depths.

(THE RANI GRABS
PERI'S WRIST)

PERI: Hey, let go!

RANI: Be still!

(SHE CHECKS PERI'S
PULSE)

Human.

MASTER: So?

RANI: Her brain's as good as anyone else's.

MASTER: No comment, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think I could stand it.

PERI: Stand what?

THE DOCTOR: A hyperactive Peri! It's too ghastly to contemplate.

PERI: What are you talking about?

MASTER: (TO PERI) We're being treated to an example of his famous sense of humour.

(TO THE DOCTOR)

I'm afraid, Doctor, even that will desert you soon.

TELECINE 14:

Ext. Outskirts of Village.
Day.

The PROCESSION of the
Tardis and the
AGGRESSORS has reached
the outskirts of
the village.

44. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

MASTER: A turbulent time, Doctor,
in Earth's history?

THE DOCTOR: Not one of the most
tranquil, I agree.

MASTER: A critical period?

THE DOCTOR: You could say that.

MASTER: Oh, I do. The beginning of
a new era!

(AN ABRUPT SWITCH
TO PERI)

Why do you think that should happen
now?

PERI: I guess I've never given it
much thought.

(HER ATTENTION IS
ON THE RANI WHO IS
MAKING PREPARATIONS
TO DRAIN PERI'S
BRAIN)

MASTER: Ah, but you should. I'm
talking about the impact of
individuals. Has not your country
based its philosophy on the cult of
the individual? (cont...)

(HIS TONE IS
CONTEMPTUOUS)

MASTER: (cont) A sentimental concept that squanders the opportunities presented by the exceptional gifts of these men of genius.

PERI: Doctor, do you get his drift?

THE DOCTOR: Only too well, Peri.

PERI: He wants to pervert history!

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid the Prince of Darkness here would not see it as perversion.

MASTER: Maudlin claptrap! The talents of these geniuses should be harnessed to a superior vision. With their help, I can turn this insignificant planet into a power base unique in the Universe!

THE DOCTOR: And you intend to use the Rani's bag of tricks to achieve this egocentric scheme.

(THE MASTER LAUGHS)

MASTER: You are indeed a worthy opponent, Doctor. It is what gives your destruction its piquancy!

(HE OPERATES THE
CONTROLS OF THE
SCANNER.

ON THE SCREEN,
WE SEE THE AGGRESSORS
WITH THE TARDIS)

Excellent! Feast your eyes, Doctor, on the imminent demise of the Tardis.

PERI: Demise?

MASTER: Death! Destruction! Finito
Tardis! How's that for style?

PERI: Doctor, if they destroy
the Tardis -

THE DOCTOR: (TO RANI) Very clever.
Optical illusion recreated on the
screen? I've tried that but never
succeeded.

MASTER: It's no illusion.

(THE AGGRESSORS
ARE IN THE VILLAGE)

PERI: I hope you're right, Doctor.

RANI: He's not.

THE DOCTOR: (TO PERI) Believe me,
I am. The Rani's cleverer than any
of us. She's obviously been able to
modify this scanner so that it
reflects what is in the mind instead
of what is happening in reality -

MASTER: (TO PERI) Push!

PERI: The trolley?

MASTER: One false move ...

(HE LEVELS THE
TCE)

PERI: Push it where?

MASTER: Outside.

RANI: No! He doesn't leave here -

(THE MASTER PULLS
OUT THE PHIAL,
FLAUNTS IT
PRECARIOUSLY
BETWEEN THUMB
AND FINGER)

MASTER: I wonder how many weeks of
work this represents. And how many of
the Doctor's precious humans have
contributed.

RANI: (TO PERI) Do as he says.

MASTER: (POCKETING PHIAL) You shall
have the girl when we return.

(TO PERI)

Push! Unless you'd prefer a swifter
end ...

TELECINE 15:

Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

With the AGGRESSORS
the Tardis is borne,
along the street.

- 1/112 -

45. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(FRAMED IN THE
DOORWAY ARE THE
DOCTOR STRAPPED TO
THE TROLLEY AND
THE MASTER WITH
THE TCE TRAINED
ON PERI)

- 112 -

TELECINE 16:

Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

The PROCESSION
passes the GROUP in
the bath-house doorway.

From their shouts, only
the word 'pit' is
distinguishable.

The MASTER indicates
with the tce, that
PERI, should ease
THE DOCTOR further
into the street.

46. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

MASTER: The Last Rites, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: I can't really see
from this far away.

MASTER: You can hear!

(THE YELLS OF THE
AGGRESSORS ARE LOUD)

THE DOCTOR: I gather they're going
to throw it down the pit shaft.

MASTER: All the way ... down ...
to the bottom.

TELECINE 17:

a) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

The AGGRESSORS reach
the pit gate.

TWO GUARDS try to bar
them, levelling their
guns.

GUARD: Stop, or we'll fire!

The threat produces
a hail of stones.

A shot sounds wounding
ONE of the AGGRESSORS.

Without halting, and
using the Tardis
as a battering ram,
they smash open the
gate, overwhelming
and knocking out the
GUARDS, before continuing
to the shaft.

- 1/116 -

47. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE CLAMOROUS
VOICES OF THE
AGGRESSORS
CAN CLEARLY
BE HEARD)

MASTER: Nothing can stop them!
Nothing!

TELECINE 18:

a) Ext. Pit Adj.
Shaft. Day.

With a victorious
hoist, the Tardis
is heaved over the
edge of the pit
shaft.

INSERT SHOT OF SHAFT
and the Tardis
falling to its doom.

b) Ext. Village. Adj.
Bath-house. Day.

So elated is the
MASTER, that momentarily,
his attention is
taken from THE DOCTOR -

THE DOCTOR kicks the
tce from the MASTER'S
grasp.

THE DOCTOR: Shove, Peri! Shove!

Peri shoves! But in
the wrong direction -
down the hill towards
the pit.

She sprints after it -
but the trolley
rattles on.

c) Ext. Village.
Street. Day.

Gleefully, the
AGGRESSORS are running
from the pit.

- 1/119 -

OVERSCENE Peri's
screams.

CLOSE ON TROLLEY hurtling
for the gaping hole.

FADE OUT

- 119 -

WARD spots the trolley.

THE DOCTOR sighs with relief as the trolley loses momentum and slows.

PERI fetches up the rear but the AGGRESSORS get there first.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you. I'm most grateful. Now if you'd release -

He sees the red mark.

THE DOCTOR: Stay back, Peri! Sta-

WARD and the rest of the AGGRESSORS arrive.

WARD: Now it's your turn!

They grab the trolley and propel it, at great speed, towards the shaft.

PERI runs after them.

PERI: Let him go! Let him go!

CLOSER TROLLEY.

The trolley is racing towards the pit shaft.

A final mighty thrust from the AGGRESSORS.

INSERT HIGH ANGLED SHOT
SHOWING INKY DEPTHS OF
THE SHAFT.